

THE DIAL

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LITERATURE AND THOUGHT.

"Taking writers generally throughout the world, what does the literary mind contribute to the world's thought now? Can you point to any one writer, anywhere in the world, whose thoughts about the world are really worth reading?" Thus questions one of the characters in Mr. John Masefield's "Multitude and Solitude," and, although it is not fair to ascribe to a novelist the random opinions expressed by his characters, there seems to be something of a direct personal element in this utterance, the voicing of at least a temporary mood. Another of the characters thus amplifies the argument: "I feel this about modern artists, that, with a few exceptions, they throw down no roots, either into national or private life. They care no more for the State, in its religious sense, than they care (as, say, an Elizabethan would have cared) for conduct. They seem to me a company of men without any common principle or joint enthusiasm, working, rather blindly and narrowly, at the bidding of personal idiosyncrasy, or some aberration of taste. A few of you, some of the most determined, are interested in social reform. The rest of you are merely photographing what goes on for the amusement of those who cannot photograph." These remarks seem to us to point a fundamental misconception of a function of literature. The novelist, the dramatist, and the poet are the last persons in the world whom we should expect to "contribute to the world's thought." That is the business of the scientific investigator and the philosopher, not of the imaginative shaper of speech into enduring forms. The latter may be a propagator of thought, its clarifier and expositor, an extractor of the breath and finer spirit of all knowledge, but not an originator of new ideas. He is concerned with expression, and not with revelation, except in the sense that his form of statement may open the eyes to the hitherto unapprehended implications of some truth that has long been in the possession of mankind.

To speak plainly, contributions to thought are among the rarest things in human experience. It is a fertile century that can boast of two or three. Copernicus made one, and Adam Smith another, and Kant another, and Darwin still another; but the Greeks did not leave very much for the modern world to do in this direc-

tion. Refinements and elaborations and special applications of old established principles are our task, and we are amazingly active in its pursuit. We sometimes almost convince ourselves that we are on the track of something that is really new, and call it pragmatism, or theosophy, or socialism, or give it some other pretentious name, but analysis always shows it to be a thing of shreds and patches, its basic material fetched from remote periods in the history of culture. The roaring loom of time weaves countless new intellectual patterns, but the same old fibres are wrought into them; and the poet fashions the fabrics into new living garments of divinity, but they drape the limbs of the same old gods.

We frequently hear a poet, a Wordsworth or a Browning, for example, spoken of as a profound thinker. But what does it all mean? Who can point to an original thought, a "contribution to knowledge," in either of these great poets? The former has for us a serene philosophical wisdom, the product of intuition combined with ripe reflection upon human conduct, and the prophetic vision—which does not mean, as the foolish fancy, the power of peering into the future, but is the power of seeing beneath the surface of things and illuminating the secret recesses of the mind. The latter is probably one of the shallowest thinkers who ever won fame as a poet, and his helplessness, when he confronts any real intellectual problem, is nothing less than pitiable. He champions with fervor the validity of passion, and blurts out an instinctive but unreasoning optimism. The subtle dramatic power with which he makes the most diverse types of character express themselves is beyond praise, but this, while it deepens our insight into human nature, does not do much of anything to enlarge the sphere of the rational life. As far as the assimilation of the conquests of human thought is concerned, the making of them a part of the individual intellect, Browning is far inferior to Tennyson, although the latter is frequently disparaged, on the count of intellectual grasp, when brought into comparison with Browning, for the sole reason that he obeys the promptings of the artist, and distills from the raw material of thought its purest essence.

What "contributions to knowledge" do the famous poets of the older world bring us? They may reflect the form and vitalize the spirit of an age, as Homer and Spenser do; they may write the epic of the heroic life, as do Tasso and Camoëns, or of the spiritual life, as do Dante and Milton. But how is abstract thought the gainer from all the tale of Troy or of the Crusades, from

the grandiose cosmogonies of the "Divine Comedy" or of "Paradise Lost"? These men interpret the pageant of life and the conflicts of the soul in terms of imperishable beauty, and it is doing them no dishonor to deny them kinship with Aristotle and Kant. Was Shakespeare a thinker? Only in the sense that his plummet went deeper than any other into human character, and that no human motive was too intricate for his analysis. Perhaps the only world-poet who was a thinker in the higher sense was Goethe, in whom poetic faculty and intellectual power both reached their highest pitch, and were so fused in the same personality as to work in mutual harmony.

If anywhere in literature, we might reasonably look to the framers of utopias or ideal commonwealths for an exhibition of original and constructive thought. There is much helpful counsel for the conduct of the State and of the individual life in the imagined communities of Plato and More, of Comenius and Campanella, of Hobbes and Holberg. But they give us no new ethics or politics, but only the old ones inculcated by novel examples. And so with the petty utopias of the modern writers down to the ingenious Mr. Wells: they may make fruitful applications of accepted moralities, but we should search them in vain for any fundamentally new idea. Those who are looking for genuine novelties in thought are most likely to find them in the writings of such champions of the paradoxical as Messrs. Shaw and Chesterton, or such iconoclastic philosophers as Messrs. James and Bergson; but their ways are those of perplexity, and their methods those of deliberate mystification, not to be recommended to souls in search of truth. As for the writers who provide us from day to day with the staple of our reading, they will do well to leave the work of making "contributions to knowledge" to the scientist in his laboratory and the university student at work upon his doctoral dissertation. They still have all the material of accumulated human thought to deal with, in its infinite permutations and combinations; and the setting forth of its incidence upon human life, in the everyday world, is a big enough task for any poet or novelist or dramatist that we are likely to produce.

THE LITERARY ACTIVITIES OF A VERSATILE SCOTCHMAN.

Antisthenes, as we read in Plutarch's life of Pericles, when told that Ismenias was an excellent flute-player, replied that he could not be good for anything else; otherwise he would not play so

well on the flute. Anyone reading Andrew Lang's fairy tales would be tempted to conclude, unless he had further knowledge of the writer, that Mr. Lang could not amount to much in other walks of literature, so wholeheartedly did he throw himself into the amusement of children with his many-colored series of fairy-books. And on listening to his flow of brilliant conversation, an unguarded stranger would have said to himself that so lavish a spender of good things in talk could not have anything left to put into writing. But the books that have made Andrew Lang famous in two hemispheres number almost as many as the years of that amazingly industrious life now closed at the age of sixty-eight.

Born at Selkirk, a short distance from Edinburgh, on the last day of March, 1844, Lang prepared for the university at the Edinburgh Academy, proceeded thence to St. Andrews, and afterward rounded out his education at Oxford, studying at Balliol College, winning an honorary fellowship at Merton, and especially distinguishing himself in the classics. An assured income seems in his case to have been no bar to early and energetic endeavor to make for himself a name in literature. From the appearance of his "Ballads and Lyrics of Old France," in 1872, his work, both prose and verse, was in constant demand. Succeeding William Black as leader-writer to the London "Daily News," he acquired the knack of expressing himself with fluency and charm on the most varied range of subjects, from cricket and golf to philosophy and religion. In illustration of the astonishing facility he developed as a contributor of miscellaneous articles to the periodicals, it is said of him that he would, when pressed for time, scribble his "copy" for the waiting printer between the courses of a dinner to which he had been invited. He certainly had a larger store of encyclopedic learning to draw from than almost any other writer of his time.

Among his favorite subjects, on which he wrote in masterly fashion, prominent mention must be made of Homer, whom he never tired of defending against the attacks of those critics who would persuade us of the conglomerate authorship of the "Iliad" and "Odyssey." His book on "Homer and his Age" appeared only six years ago, as the ripe fruit of its author's Homeric studies. His translations of the two epics, in collaboration with Professor Butcher (on the "Odyssey") and Mr. Ernest Myers and Mr. Walter Leaf (on the "Iliad") long ago established his reputation as a Homeric scholar. Another subject that fascinated him was the tragic fate of Mary Queen of Scots, on which he wrote a book, "The Mystery of Mary Stuart," in 1901. His work on "John Knox and the Reformation" and his "History of Scotland from the Roman Occupation" also attest his lively interest in themes near home. Walter Scott, too, he delighted to make the theme of his discourse, whether oral or written. Such books as his "Custom and Myth" and "Myth, Ritual, and Religion" show him in still another light, as a delver in folk-lore and an inquirer into the origin of religion.

No more impressive testimony to Mr. Lang's versatility and industry can be found than is furnished by the simple list of his published works; and even that list does not include the miscellaneous and uncollected newspaper and magazine articles that dropped from his pen in a continuous shower for many years. In his early prime the number of books put forth by him in a single twelvemonth was remarkable. For instance, in 1884 we find credited to his pen the following: "Ballads and Verses Vain," "Rhymes à la Mode," "Princess Nobody," and "Custom and Myth." In 1886 he published "Books and Bookmen," "In the Wrong Paradise," "Letters to Dead Authors," "The Mark of Cain," and "The Politics of Aristotle." At the time of his death, as we learn from a London news item printed only a few days before the tidings of his end reached us, he was about to undertake a "History of English Literature from Beowulf to Swinburne." Possibly some part or the greater part of this may already have been written; for Mr. Lang was so rapid in his work that little time intervened between the conception and the execution of a literary project.

English literature cannot number Andrew Lang among its immortal poets or historians or romancers or essayists; but its roll contains few if any names that stand for so wide-ranging, facile, and often brilliant work as made this gifted Scotchman a marvel and a delight to those who read him. Of late years his vogue has perhaps suffered some decline, for he seemed to be a little out of sympathy (to his credit be it said) with certain passing tendencies in our literature. All the more hope, therefore, may be cherished of his survival as a writer of varied learning and peculiar charm.

CASUAL COMMENT.

MR. SHAW'S CONQUEST OF GAUL has thus far been considerably less complete than Cæsar's, though that, everyone now admits, was incomplete enough. Really, however, it was only Paris that the redoubtable G. B. S. set out to subdue; but Paris is France, as has been maintained from time out of mind. It was with a characteristic letter to his translator, reproduced on yellow posters and placarded all over the French capital, that Mr. Shaw began his recent campaign. "My dear Hamon," ran this noteworthy pronouncement, "Paris is always the last city in the world to discover and accept an author or a composer of international reputation. London is twenty-five years behind the times, and Paris is ten years behind London. Paris is a marvellous city. But Parisians have not yet discovered Paris. It is not surprising, then, that they have not yet discovered me. In ten years Paris will discover me." Following this proclamation, hostilities began simultaneously on both banks of the river—"Arms and the Man" at the largest theatre on the *rive gauche*, and "Mrs. Warren's Profession" on the most literary stage that the other side can boast, that of the *Théâtre des Arts*. The invaded city seems to have held out manfully

against anything like unconditional surrender, though the Shavian plays and the Shavian philosophy appear to have made a decided impression, and all Paris—all literary and artistic and critical Paris—was set to talking and writing about the many wonderful ideas thrust upon their unprepared minds. Possibly in the ten years so generously allowed them by Mr. Shaw the Parisians will either have digested them, or, which is more likely, abandoned the attempt. "Such plays," says one of the friendliest of their French critics, "require the collaboration of the audience, and this takes time to cultivate. He has against him the very novelty and profundity of his ideas."

THE SIFTING OF MANUSCRIPTS that goes on day after day and year after year among editors and publishers' readers presents itself to the imagination as a task in comparison with which the twelve labors of Hercules dwindle to insignificant proportions. The great mass of manuscripts submitted must, in mining phrase, assay at only a very few dollars' worth of precious metal to the ton; but there is always the chance of finding a splendid nugget, and hence the need of caution. Few who have the handling of this mountain of written matter would think it wise or businesslike to follow the example of the famous theatrical manager who has recently excited the indignation of would-be playwrights by announcing that he will henceforth consign to the oblivion of the waste-basket all unsolicited manuscripts thrust upon him. One can imagine the disappointments and disgusts that have led up to this decision; for disappointments are not all on the unsuccessful writer's side. If it be true that not a hundredth part of the manuscripts offered for publication actually achieve that desired end, and if the complaint that our busy printing-presses are turning out a deplorable quantity of rubbish be not ill-founded, what incredible degrees of unreadability must be attained by the worst of the ninety-nine rejected hundredths of "unavailable" literary offerings! Undoubtedly too many of these manuscript-producers are more fired with zeal than informed with wisdom, are lacking in years what they so abundantly possess in courage and confidence. They desire and expect to arrive before they have fairly started. It is characteristic of the young writer to imagine himself much nearer the goal of ideal excellence than he will after he has, as a matter of fact, travelled a considerable distance toward that elusive end of all his striving.

HIGH HOPES FOR THE FUTURE OF EDUCATION were of course voiced by more than one speaker at the late fiftieth annual convention of the National Education Association, in session at Chicago. The spectacle of a man ardently enthusiastic for and splendidly confident in the cause to which he has devoted his life is surely a refreshing and inspiring one. Mr. Albert E. Winship of Boston attained to something like the sublime in an address on the final day of the conference. "Why should not this

meeting," he asked, "in its closing moments here highly resolve that education shall become the leading American profession? New times demand new men and new measures. The new times are surely here. The profession that meets the demands of these times will be the leading American profession, and education can meet these demands better than law, medicine, and the ministry. . . . The coast is clear. Education can be the leading profession of the country. It is the only profession that can devote itself exclusively to childhood and youth, to the making of manly men and womanly women. Education was the first profession. May it not be the greatest? It is the only learned profession whose leaders in scholarship are 'professors,' and the one man who met all the needs of all time was the Great Teacher." And so on, in high-bearded strain and with the impassioned orator's proper disregard of prosaic exactness in statement of facts, but with a magnificent conception of the educator's mission and a fine appeal to his hearers to show themselves worthy of their high calling. The inspiration of such annual addresses ought to go far toward carrying the hearers bravely through the daily round, the common task, of the ensuing year.

EMERGING FROM THE SHELTER OF ANONYMITY, the writers for the "Edinburgh Review" will henceforth, under its new editor, Mr. Harold Cox, sign their names to their weighty pronouncements on the worth of current books and on such other questions of public interest as the "Edinburgh" has so long treated with distinguished ability, and, now and then, in a tone of such magisterial authority. The Macaulayesque style of review and the frequent use of the editorial "we" seemed almost to carry the assumption that no single pen of any single fallible mortal was responsible for the grave utterances marshalled so imposingly in the customary "Edinburgh" article. The august authority of the mighty quarterly itself was back of every word and sentence. But the atmosphere now enveloping the world of books and writers is unfavorable to the further prosperous growth of this assumption. Too many of our best and brightest critics and essayists write unblushingly in the first person singular, and the august personage behind the editorial "we" is losing those vague and majestic outlines that formerly inspired awe in the timid reader. The change of policy on the part of the ancient quarterly is in harmony with the modernity and versatility of its new editor, whose varied experience as member of Parliament, as writer on economic and political questions, and as a man of affairs rather than of the study and the library, promises well for the revivification of the venerable review under his management.

DISCOVERING THE PUBLIC LIBRARY, and learning with surprise that it is free and for the use of the people, is what some persons are doing even now in this advanced era of enlightenment and culture. Hence the need of advertising itself which every wide-awake library has for some time recognized.

The Dallas Public Library issues an attractive little pamphlet on "How Libraries Advertise; as shown by the library material exhibited as a part of the Display of Advertising at the Eighth Annual Convention of the Associated Advertising Clubs of America, held at Carnegie Hall of the Dallas Public Library, Dallas, Texas, May 19-27, 1912." In this matter of advertising there is an increasing number of libraries that not only advertise themselves but also spread abroad the fame of their respective cities and agitate for all sorts of municipal improvements and reforms. For instance, as the Dallas pamphlet says, "St. Joseph, Mo., a city with a bold front, has an energetic and stentorian branch of library publicity that makes an impression, and they talk right out about the things they are going to have. Among these are public baths, more boulevards, a greater St. Jo club, public playgrounds, and other examples of municipal attractiveness." Advertising the helpfulness of the library to the immigrant is made a specialty by certain libraries that minister to the needs of a large alien population. The Providence Public Library does notably good work in its capacity of "melting-pot," and its officials can tell some interesting things about the conduct and the growing popularity of its foreign-literature department. Not much longer, it is to be hoped, will it be possible to assert with truthfulness what the Dallas librarian now makes bold to declare, that "strange as it may seem, there are a lot of folk who don't realize yet that libraries are free. They think there is a string to it somewhere."

WHITEWASHING BACON, as Edward FitzGerald expressed it, was the task to which his (FitzGerald's) friend Spedding devoted his best years and energies, when he might better, it was thought, have given the world something of originality and value in some other department of literature. Mr. Balfour has been again applying the whitewash brush to the great English philosopher and statesman in a eulogistic speech at the unveiling of the Bacon statue at Gray's Inn, three hundred years after Bacon's admission to the Inn. As a statesman, he had, the orator declared, a breadth of view and a strength of spirit that might have altered the history of his own country and of all Europe, had his advice been heeded. In his personal relations and his private life he was not, if we are to believe his eulogist, nearly so reprehensible as it has been the fashion to represent him. But Mr. Balfour did not feel moved to enlarge on this aspect of the man. More congenial did he find it to dwell on him as a writer and scholar, a historian and a philosopher, the master of a noble prose style, and endowed with such gifts that his writings may be regarded as marking the beginning of a new epoch. That he has of late been vulgarized and his name made a mockery by some of his too ardent and ill-balanced admirers, few thoughtful persons will dispute. A prophet and a seer, according to Mr. Balfour, he pointed the way to true scientific research, and created the atmos-

phere in which alone it could flourish. Surely that is glory enough, without the ascription to him of an impossible authorship of works quite outside of his vein.

AN ALBEMARLE STREET CENTENARY of interest to the English-reading book world has just been celebrated in the quiet and dignified manner befitting the celebrants. One hundred years ago the publishing house of Murray, already half a century old and enjoying an enviable repute, took possession of its present quarters — or, more accurately, the building next to its present quarters, number 50 being now used for domiciliary purposes by Mr. John Murray the Fourth and his son, while 50A, next door, is devoted to business. The aristocrat of English publishers, as he is not unaptly called, Mr. Murray by his dignified presence and his conservative business methods attracts authors who know the value of the Murray imprint. So wedded to the good old ways of doing business is the house of Murray that even so time-saving an appliance as the typewriter was late in effecting an entrance at No. 50A. In the drawing-room of No. 50 are to be seen not a few reminders of the long connection with famous authors enjoyed by the Murrays. To mention but one, there is the silver loving-cup sent a century ago by Lord Byron from Greece to his publisher, and containing some hemlock seeds gathered in Athens by the poet, who thus inscribed the gift: "Hemlock gathered by me for you under the walls of Athens; possibly the same from which the leaves that poisoned Socrates were plucked." Grimly suggestive contents for a loving-cup, surely; but there seems to be no reason at present why the descendants of the John Murray who received the gift should take the suggestion seriously.

A PLUCKY YOUNG AUTHOR of Kansas, a Mitchell County girl of spirit and determination and perseverance, has achieved at least local fame by pleading and winning, in a court of law, her case against her publishers, who, if report speaks truly, seem not to have borne themselves with the utmost chivalry toward the young lady. Miss Lizzie Wooster, for that is the fair plaintiff's name, fired with a desire to improve on the school primers in general use, prepared one which met with the publishers' approval and appears also, on publication, to have enjoyed a wide acceptance. But when she applied for her just share in the pecuniary proceeds of the venture, a cold refusal, on technical grounds, was the response. Filled with indignation at this injustice, and laying her plans for revenge on a broad and deep foundation, Miss Wooster entered a law school, pursued the course to the end, was admitted to the bar, and then, with a legal mastery of her own case in its every detail, brought suit against her unkind publishers, appearing in court as her own counsel, and procured a decision in her favor. Little need, now and henceforth, has she of the protection of any Society of Authors. They do some things very well in Kansas.

The New Books.

SHAKESPEARE IN RELIEF.*

While the patient diggers for facts continue to add their grains to the molehill of Shakespeare's biography, it is gratifying to know that those who prefer to climb for vision have not been discouraged. The names of Professors Bradley, Raleigh, and McCallum are alone sufficient to remind us of the advance that aesthetic and philosophical criticism of the dramatist has made in the last few years. Men like Kreyssig and Hudson are being steadily distanced; and if the newer leaders were less gifted with the scholar's virtue of modesty, we could almost imagine them ready to adopt a slogan from our present political campaign and boast of "catching up with Shakespeare." Mr. Darrell Figgis, the young English poet, makes no boast in the volume which he entitles "Shakespeare: A Study," but he has accepted the challenge which lies implicit in certain late criticisms of Shakespeare—conspicuously Mr. Bernard Shaw's—and has come to the defense of the dramatist with a treatise which may reasonably make some pretensions to catching up with Coleridge.

Mr. Figgis is not disposed to attach great importance to logical processes. He leans distinctly toward divination, a quality which he ascribes to Fleay among biographers and denies to Halliwell-Phillipps. He begins by saying that in Shakespeare, as in Nature, we feel a synthesis, though we cannot think it out. One may hesitate to infer that Mr. Figgis believes himself to have actually grasped this synthesis, but he has made a bold and impressive attempt. "Synthetic" is eminently the word to describe his treatise. Striking, as it does, midway between the methods of those who are concerned primarily with details of biography or technique, and those who devote themselves to analyses of characters and plays, it gives a vivid picture of a real man—a man disencumbered of non-essentials, boldly outlined against his surroundings, acting and reacting upon circumstances that time and again synchronized, by some happy dispensation, with his own mental development, and so fulfilling a life that for completeness of inward experience and outward artistic expression remains unparalleled. It is not a book to begin one's study of Shakespeare with, but for gathering into a single fairly consistent conception the multifarious impressions inevitably

created by the myriad-minded one, it would not be easy to name its equal. Whether that conception be the true one is another question, not to be settled here.

Following an Introduction that descants pleasingly upon the functional importance of the lavish waste in Shakespeare's work, that makes a tilt at the dusty delvers in "archival darkness" who have "observed the fair landscape of his country by chimney-stacks and factories," and thrust him "like a wronged Deity into buildings and technicalities," and that gives Mr. Shaw, with all his perversity, credit for driving us back upon the vital question and reopening the discussion of what drama is, Mr. Figgis sets forth his argument in six chapters, dealing respectively with the dramatist's Life, Stage, Craft, Art, Thought, and Personality. The biographical chapter attempts no general picture of the age, but keeps close to the man Shakespeare, following him from theatre to theatre and through his more important practical affairs with the realizing touch of a quick imagination. Naturally much of this matter is controversial or conjectural. Mr. Figgis thinks that in 1587 Shakespeare joined Leicester's company at Stratford, and by linking up the facts into a "clear and logical sequence" he claims to have virtually reconstructed the account of the succeeding five years of obscurity. He controverts in particular Sir Sidney Lee's account; but it should be noted that Mr. Fleay long ago wrote: "At Stratford, in my opinion, Shakespeare joined them [Leicester's players]." The most interesting feature of this chapter is the synchrony traced between outward events and the dramatist's maturing powers—his removal, for instance, at just the critical moment, from the Theatre, "the resort of the hurly-burly apprentices," to the Globe on the Bankside, where a gentler audience could be counted on to appreciate subtler plays; and the accession, also at a critical moment, of King James, with his genuine concern for higher dramatic art.

The student of technique will find interesting matter in the chapters on "Stage" and "Craft." But it is not until we reach the chapters on "Art" and "Thought" that Mr. Figgis is found at his best. They are replete with suggestive and illuminating judgments, both upon Shakespeare himself and the nature of drama. For example, Shakespeare's bombast, and his rapid and violent metaphor, often out of character, are defended as the dramatist's "sub-conscious method of striking us to emotional sympathy with the Action"; they are to be

*SHAKESPEARE: A Study. By Darrell Figgis. New York: Mitchell Kennerley.

judged, not by themselves, but by their service in procuring the total effect. The question of verse and prose is admirably handled. As opposed to Ben Jonson's characters, whose speeches were written in prose and turned into verse,—"Shakespeare's characters did not speak verse by accident or from discipline: they were conceived as speaking verse. . . King Lear, Hamlet, and Macbeth, Romeo and Juliet, . . in prose would simply not be the people we now know them to be. It is a thing impossible to define; but it is a thing quite unmistakably real to the imagination. The essence of the matter lies in the conception of the thinking mind. Shakespeare conceived poetically or in prose, as the case may be; with the result that his characterization rings inevitably, in the main, in the language chosen. . . Fat Sir John, Dogberry and Verges, Sir Toby Belch, the egregious Malvolio, . . are born in prose, and live all their lives in that medium. In the case of those who have no lives to live, but only parts to play, the servitors, soldiers, and other such accessories, it is easy to understand why they should stand so completely in prose. As said, they have no lives to live, and therefore have never the opportunity of springing to the intensity of poetry, whatever their potentialities be."

It is in consonance with this view that Lady Macbeth on the one hand, when deprived of her real self—her Will—by sleep and delirium, should lapse into disjointed, unrhythmic utterance, and that Beatrice and Benedick on the other hand, when Love finally comes to them, should be drawn up into the general plot of the play and "pass to poetry." Interwoven with this discussion is a plea for the poetic drama, which, it is virtually maintained, is and can be the only great drama.

This, however, is still but to hover on the outskirts of Mr. Figgis's far-reaching inquiry. He closes at length with the fundamental problem of Shakespeare's dominant thought. This he finds in his preoccupation, not primarily with men, but with the workings of Destiny; the dramatist became in a high yet entirely earthly and human sense one of God's spies, who took upon him the mystery of things. And this preoccupation grew with his growing powers; so that his characters, even as they grew to greater strength and richness, are seen to entangle themselves more and more inextricably in the meshes of fate, because the dramatist who sits behind them is more and more "thinking past men to God." Now Destiny is defined as "Divinity in action," and Shakespeare's mental progress may be traced by the position that is assigned to the Divinity in his succeeding plays. It is a position that advances steadily from that of a God *in* the machine—a Divinity constantly intruding and controlling so as to shape things, after the manner of comedy or melodrama, to

a mechanically neat conclusion—to that of a Divinity waiting at the end of the play to botch things up with what patchwork he can, until finally the imperious strength of the characters drives him "off his post at the end of the five acts to some position in the further Beyond." But, be it remembered, though in the great tragedies the Divinity is driven by the characters quite out of the play, it is still the Divinity that is dominant in Shakespeare's thought, and also in ours: a Divinity, too, that is no longer a mere *deus*, but the inscrutably and ineffably Divine. And this is the solution of the strange paradox that Shakespearean tragedy, although in it Righteousness is constantly baffled, is persistently regarded as the highest of morality.

In the working out of this thesis, one may demur to some of the details. In modification, for instance, of the statement that in "Romeo and Juliet" there are no responsible beings, and that accidents capriciously directed from above determine the issues, it should be remembered that Romeo, after all, presumptuously takes his fate into his own hands. And the author needs to correct his surprising impression that in "Lear" Goneril and Regan are left alive (p. 229). But the thesis as a whole is well sustained, and is presented with a combined lucidity, strength, and even splendor of expression, worthy of its great subject.

It is less easy to appraise the concluding chapter, which deals with Shakespeare's personality, and enters again upon more debatable ground. So admirable is the author's synthesis in its main outlines that it is to be wished he had not imperilled it by coveting perfection. In the endeavor to make his wheel come full circle, he resorts in the end to paradox, with a distinctly disquieting effect. Some distrust, too, is occasioned by the way in which the Sonnets are kept out of sight until the end of the volume, though the course of the argument is easily seen to be shaping itself toward a final proof in their nature and contents. Perhaps Mr. Figgis was prompted to this by his dramatic sense, though he could easily put up a logical defense. But to anyone sufficiently familiar with the Sonnets to detect what is coming, the apparent artifice tends to defeat its purpose, that of producing a convincing argument. Apart from all questions of method, one may or may not be convinced. However reluctant we may be to think that a certain dark experience in Shakespeare's relations with a friend and a mistress not only profoundly affected his personal life, but practically determined his entire mental and dramatic pro-

gress, through Romeo and Falstaff to Hamlet, Othello, and Lear, it is undeniable that various threads of argument and speculation have of late been converging steadily toward this as to a focal point. It is impossible to foretell the outcome. Mr. Figgis has added his thread, approaching the matter in his own way, and with a force and dignity that are bound to command respect for his argument, though it is not impossible to pick some flaws. For instance, dating (along with Mr. Frank Harris) the dire event at 1597-8, Mr. Figgis observes that "soon after the unfaithfulness occurred, we find Jaques." Perhaps it is nothing to the point to object that we also find Benedick and the Duke of Illyria, seeing that we have been carefully provided beforehand with the clue that it is Jaques who reflects Shakespeare and not these others. But what shall be said of this further statement, that "when Shakespeare's naturally reflective nature has carried the mischief through his whole blood in sheer disgust, we find Hamlet"? Five years for a moral cataclysm like that to breed disgust in outraged blood! Great indeed, then, is the virtue of a "naturally reflective nature." Of course this does not overthrow the argument, and Mr. Figgis leads it to a fairly effective close. But the chapter strikes a lower level than those just preceding it; and both writer and reader breathe more freely on the Coleridgean heights.

ALPHONSO GERALD NEWCOMER.

THE LURE OF THE FAR NORTH.*

Six hundred years ago the Norse author of "The King's Mirror" answered the query, which ever recurs at each new sacrifice of human endeavor and life claimed by the North from those who brave its rigors, as to the reasons impelling men thus to imperil their lives. It is, he says, the three-fold ambition of man which draws him thither: emulation and the desire of fame, the desire of knowledge, and the desire of gain. The history of polar exploration is indeed a striking manifestation of the power of the unknown over the mind of man, ever enticing new recruits in the endeavor to stretch once more the limits of the world and to taste the joys of discovery. But the largest returns to humanity are in ideals.

"Ever since the Norsemen's earliest voyages arctic

*IN NORTHERN MYST. Arctic Exploration in Early Times. By Fridtjof Nansen, Professor of Oceanography in the University of Christiania. Translated by Arthur G. Chater. In two volumes. Illustrated. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Co.

expeditions have certainly brought material advantages to the human race, such as rich fisheries, whaling and sealing, and so on; they have produced scientific results in the knowledge of hitherto unknown regions and conditions; but they have given us far more than this: they have tempered the human will for the conquest of difficulties; they have furnished a school of manliness and self-conquest in the midst of the slackness of varying ages, and have held up noble ideals before the rising generation; they have fed the imagination, have given fairy-tales to the child, and raised the thoughts of its elders above their daily toil. Take arctic travel out of our history, and will it not be poorer? Perhaps we have here the greatest service it has done humanity."

Fantastic illusions of open polar seas, and of short cuts to the riches of Cathay, drew explorers again and again to essay in vain the secrets of the Arctic. But the idealistic motives have always played a large part in arctic exploration. A Pytheas steers north from the Pillars of Hercules, the Vikings with a Lief Erickson at their head cross the Atlantic in undecked boats and find a new world only to lose it again, and a Hudson gains a lonely grave on an uncharted and deserted shore. But bit by bit the map of the North has been sketched, and in the end the Norse flag floats at the Antipodes.

Some years ago Professor Nansen promised his friend Dr. J. Scott Keltie of London that he would contribute a volume about arctic exploration to Dr. Keltie's series of books on geographical exploration. How well this promise has been fulfilled may be judged by the two large volumes now published, in which the foundation has been laid for such a history. A foundation only,—since Dr. Nansen's treatise brings the subject down only to the time of John Cabot's voyages and the ill-fated ships of the Cortereals in 1502,—to the point in fact where the average reader would expect the history of arctic exploration really to begin! And even then the author laments the fact that "the majority of the voyages, and those the most important, on which the first knowledge was based, have left us no certain record."

Ancient records, manuscripts, sagas, and the earliest attempts at charts of the north and the new world, have been assembled and passed under critical inspection, to winnow the wheat from the chaff and to trace wherever possible the motive forces instrumental in discovery. Professor Nansen was trained as a biologist, and won his first scientific spurs in animal morphology. The scientific method acquired in this and in his later work in oceanography is clearly seen in the thoroughness with which he has taken up the accumulation of materials (over 250 titles appear in his bibliography), and in the critical

sifting to which he has subjected his data in his efforts to arrive at stable fact.

The first recorded northern voyage, about 330 B. C., is that of Pytheas, an ancient astronomer and geographer of the Phœcean colony at Massalia,—the first person in history to introduce astronomical measurements and to determine latitude by the gnomon. His interest in astronomy led him to push his expedition north past Britain, the Scottish islands, and Shetland to the Arctic Circle, where he found the land of Thule. This land, the author goes to great length to prove, was Norway. The jealousy and ignorance of later writers tend to belittle the achievements of this, the most intrepid and capable as well as the earliest of Arctic explorers. From this early voyager down through the period of Tacitus and Ptolemy, through the darkness, confusion, and uncertainty of the Middle Ages, to the period of the Vikings, the growth of knowledge of the North, the evolution of the Viking ship, and the voyages of the Norsemen, are traced with much archaeological detail and thoroughness.

The decay of the Greenland settlements, and the extinction of the connections between the Norse colonies and the fatherland, are traced to the decline of the Vikings and difficulties at home with the Hanseatic league. There appears, however, to be historical evidence of voyages to Greenland as late as the early part of the fifteenth century. The expeditions of the Norwegians into the Polar Sea, and the growth of the whaling and sealing industry, led to great advances in knowledge of the North; but royal monopolies of trade by southern nations laid their paralyzing hands upon private enterprise, and all that the Norsemen had learned of the secrets of the ice-bound seas and coasts was to a great extent forgotten and had to be re-learned at great cost.

The author devotes an extensive chapter to cartography—to the early maps of the North, the wheel maps of the Middle Ages, the works of the Arabs, and the compass charts of later centuries, giving his results not in exact reproductions of these early works but in interpretative maps relieved of the confusing networks of compass lines which obscure the originals. In the same free manner, he presents translations of his sources or interpretations of their contents. His book is not, then, to be regarded as a collection of sources, but rather as a free and critical discussion of a subject wrapped in fogs of obscurity, approach to which by the historian

is made doubly difficult by the conflicting cross-currents of evidence.

"Through all that is uncertain, and often apparently fortuitous and checkered, we can discern a line, leaning toward the new age, that of the great discoveries, when we emerge from the dusk of the Middle Ages into fuller daylight. Of the new voyages we have, as a rule, accounts at first hand, less and less shrouded in medievalism and mist. From this time the real history of polar exploration begins."

Throughout antiquity the North was concealed in a twilight of legend and myth, and the twilight thickens into darkness at the beginning of the Middle Ages. Then the intermingling of the nations, the new trade routes, and finally the excursions of the Norsemen, revealed the White and Polar Seas. Colonies were planted in Iceland, Greenland, and North America; then the mists closed again, and the sons of the Vikings forgot their achievements. But England's sailors had their earliest training in the Norseman's school, and even the distant Portuguese received impulses from them. It is at this point that the real history of polar exploration begins. Impelled by two great illusions—the Northwest and Northeast passages—explorers for a century sought trade routes to the riches of the Orient, and the sea power of England drew vigor from these dreams. "To riches men have seldom attained, to the Fortunate Isles never: but through all we have won knowledge."

The volumes are freely illustrated by a number of boldly-drawn sketches from ancient maps and monuments, as well as by other sketches, including several rather sombre colored plates by the author. A full bibliography and an ample index are included.

CHARLES ATWOOD KOFOID.

THE SOCIAL REVOLUTION IN ENGLAND.*

No more radical change of policy has been witnessed in any country in modern times than that manifested in the social legislation of the British Parliament since 1897. Several of the fundamental economic, ethical, and political doctrines of the nation were suddenly abandoned, and laws based on entirely different principles were enacted. But this transformation was sudden only in appearance; long preparation had

* MODERN ENGLAND. By Louis Cazamian, Lecturer at the Sorbonne. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

DEMOCRATIC ENGLAND. By Percy Alden, M.P. With Introduction by Charles G. F. Masterman. New York: The Macmillan Co.

been made for it. The story of the incubation of ideas is now told for us by a Frenchman looking on from a safe distance across the Channel, and by a member of Parliament who helped to shape public opinion and to enact the measures.

M. Cazamian traces the struggle between traditional instinct and modern rationalism. He thinks that Englishmen do not act upon theory, but meet issues which are forced upon them by the needs of the hour and solve their problems by practical common sense. The real British genius is best represented by conservatives, landlords, and snobs. The discussion closes with a note of skepticism: "Will England consent, will she be able, to undergo without injury the social and psychological transformations which seem to be demanded by international competition? Will her empiricism know how to rise above itself, and fearlessly to enter the higher sphere of meditated readjustments, without losing the benefit of its blind and groping infallibility?"

This French observer has examined the main facts in the development of industry, political philosophy and legislation during the nineteenth century,—the industrial revolution and its effects, the creed of liberty and individualism, the teachings of Darwin, the ecclesiastical movements, the rise of trade unions, the protests of Carlyle and Ruskin, the development of Socialism, and the recent philosophical tendencies.

Certainly England was not without a philosophy, such as it was; and she was attached to a theory as with an obsession. Her statesmen were firmly and sincerely convinced that individual liberty and free competition would give to the world all possible health, vigor, happiness, and virtue. No doubt this theory fitted well into the assurance of the land-owners and great capitalists that Providence had chosen them to rule the vulgar crowd in mills and in Parliament. It was heresy to dispute this theory. Some of the economists assumed this creed as the foundation of their speculations, and they arranged tables of statistics to give it support. Herbert Spencer evolved a philosophy of evolution in the known universe which was glorified *laissez faire*. As the shadows gathered about him, and he dimly saw the modern world moving away from him, he prophesied at least temporary ruin; and he believed himself.

It would be false to assert that Great Britain was inferior in its humane impulses. It was the classic land of the poor-law and endowed charities. The philanthropist, John Bright, was

one of the most powerful antagonists of the Earl of Shaftesbury; yet he honestly thought that governmental legislation would be a curse to the wage-earners. John Bright is a typical form in British life. Excellent bishops stood on the side of the Quaker orator, and supported his eloquent pleas for the slaves of other countries, though blind to the thralls in their own iron mills and agricultural laborers' cottages.

There was abundance of literary protest. Mrs. Browning's "Cry of the Children," Dickens's exposure of the misery in East London, Thackeray's keen thrusts at snobbery, Ruskin's passionate protests against current notions of political economy, all had a part to play in awakening the nation.

All these together, however, would have failed to destroy the ancient philosophy had they not been supported and their demands reinforced by medical and social science. It is true that Parliament was not stirred to definite action alone by morals and by blue books, but also by the scare which Germany gave it. British merchants and manufacturers found new competitors in their monopolized markets, and these competitors were guarded on the high seas by men-of-war built in German ports. Parliament sent men to Germany to discover what had happened, and the messengers came back with accounts of German chemistry, scientific politics, and technical education. Aroused by the primitive passion of fear, the British rulers of both parties were made docile enough to inquire of medical men and social investigators as to the facts in the situation. The accepted systematizers of doctrine had told them that the world of free competition is the best and most just of all possible worlds; that the British constitution was infallible; that gentlemen were the wisest and truest friends to vote laws for the ignorant poor; that if government were confined to simple police duties the children would grow up to be healthy and useful citizens and sorrow would be no more. But when the rulers were humbled by foreign competition they began to listen to the recruiting officers, who informed them that *laissez faire* had unfitted the lads of English cities for soldier service; that millions of men and women were in revolt against the government, and determined to take matters into their own hands. Scientific investigations gave the lie to the *à priori* theories produced by ingenious speculators to justify hoary outrages against common rights. National neglect had not done what these philosophers had solemnly promised for it.

These investigations, however, were made effective because in the mean time men had gained a voice and vote in Parliament who really knew the situation of the masses of people belonging to the industrial groups.

Let us turn to the book of the member of Parliament, and read his description and explanation of the new movement. The author of "Democratic England" started with a university education, and a life purpose to improve the conditions of existence for wage-earners. He went to share their fortunes in East London, and Mansfield House Settlement became his training school. Quietly and earnestly he studied the needs of his neighbors, and helped to build up their institutions,—their schools, trades unions, church, and recreations. He won the confidence of his constituency, and at last found himself in Parliament, where he has utilized his long experience and study for the benefit of the people. His book is an interpretation of the creed and aims of his political associates, and an argument for their wisdom and justice. It is a statement also of what will soon be practical politics in the United States, where the rapid development of industrial centres causes the same difficulties and compels the nation to revise its economic and legal ideas to conform to new demands.

The agitators who represent the wage-earners do not create these urgent problems; they merely make the comfortable ruling classes aware of them. The happy possessors of land, privilege, places of honor and gain and title, naturally oppose resistance and prophesy all sorts of evil to the nation. Feudalism has still enough energy in Great Britain to hold the titles to 3,000,000 acres of deer forests in Scotland as sacrosanct, while many millions of men have no claim to daily bread which might be grown on the waste land. In 1872 half the enclosed land of England and Wales was monopolized by 2250 persons. It is a little better now, and yet the overwhelming majority of the people of England possess no right to their native soil. Mr. Alden estimates that from 5000 to 6000 clergymen are appointed to their livings by the great land-owners; and without accusing these clergymen of being hypocrites, we can easily see that their sermons would not touch upon the iniquities of the land monopoly, however severe they might be on the subject of foot-binding in China.

It required nearly a century to make the ruling classes believe that the State had any duty toward children; under the impulse of the new

ideas England has developed a children's code which does it honor.

Mr. Alden supplies the detailed information which the French work omits. He analyzes more fully the chief measures representing recent advance toward scientific legislation for the welfare of the nation: the Children's Act of 1908, the Trade Boards Act of 1909, the Unemployment and Sickness Insurance Acts, old age pensions, housing the poor, municipal ownership, and recovery of common land for the landless. But in the main the books corroborate each other.

CHARLES RICHMOND HENDERSON

CALIFORNIA IN THE CIVIL WAR.*

It is refreshing to the student now and then to read a book whose author has never been disillusioned, one whose faith in the absolute righteousness of his side and his party has never been shaken, and who is certain that all those who were on the other side from his heroes were wicked and treacherous, fit for conspicuous places in Dante's inferno. Such an author can write with certainty, with a conviction as to the moral values of past acts not readily to be found in the writings of the more skeptical historians of recent decades.

Mr. Kennedy, author of the work on "The Contest for California in 1861," is of the former class, and his book is a frank spirited eulogy of his hero, Colonel E. D. Baker, killed at the battle of Ball's Bluff in October, 1861. There are interesting chapters on early California history, on social and economic conditions on "the Coast" during the years just preceding the Civil War; and there are other valuable chapters on Senator Broderick, who lost his life in so tragic a manner, on the early life of Colonel Baker when he was a friend of Abraham Lincoln and a Member of Congress from Illinois, and on the efforts of shrewd Southerners like "Jim" Lane and William Gwin to turn over the Coast States to the Confederacy in 1860-61. In all of this, Mr. Kennedy is but clearing the ground for his real work—the portrayal of the truly noble leader whose fame he intends to establish and vindicate; but to the historical student these preliminary chapters are quite as important as the main story.

The contention of the book that a large party in California and Oregon sought to deliver that

* THE CONTEST FOR CALIFORNIA IN 1861. How Colonel E. D. Baker Saved the Pacific States to the Union. By Elijah R. Kennedy. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co.

region to the Southerners, and that the election of Colonel Baker to the Senate by the Oregon legislature in 1860 to oppose the machinations of Lane and Gwin was the beginning of a series of services which saved the region to the Union, is well maintained, although one is compelled to the belief that the author makes out as bad a situation as possible in 1861, in order to show how great was the work of Baker. No Confederate flag was ever actually unfurled in California, and no body of Confederate troops ever actually assembled in arms before any Pacific Coast city. How could the danger have been so great as it is here made to appear? When General Albert Sidney Johnston resigned the command of the United States Army in California, in April, 1861, it was with very considerable risk that he made his way back to the South to take command under Jefferson Davis; and Mr. Kennedy thinks that no great party of sympathizers followed him east—only a few officers, some of whom were in danger of capture.

The figure of Baker—genial, able, and eloquent; a lawyer of the very highest standing before 1860, a personal friend of Lincoln and a Republican of sturdy mould—is well portrayed, and the whole story is presented in a manner which holds the reader's attention. Despite some obvious limitations, this book is a decided contribution to the historical literature of "the Coast" about which so many Easterners know too little.

WILLIAM E. DODD.

RECENT FICTION.*

Mr. Humfrey Jordan is a new writer to us, but the qualities displayed in his novel, "The Joyous Wayfarer," are of a nature to make us say, with Bottom, "I shall desire you of more acquaintance."

*THE JOYOUS WAYFARER. By Humfrey Jordan. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

THE PRISON WITHOUT A WALL. By Ralph Straus. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

THE TURNSTILE. By A. E. W. Mason. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

MULTITUDE AND SOLITUDE. By John Massfield. New York: Mitchell Kennerly.

RED EYE. By H. Rider Haggard. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co.

THE PRIAR OF WITTENBERG. By William Stearns Davis. New York: The Macmillan Co.

THE SHADOW OF POWER. By Paul Bertram. New York: The John Lane Co.

OVER THE PASS. By Frederick Palmer. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

THE STREET CALLED STRAIGHT. A Novel. New York: Harper & Brothers.

WHITE ASHES. By Kennedy-Noble. New York: The Macmillan Co.

MOLLY McDONALD. A Tale of the Old Frontier. By Randall Parrish. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.

It is a novel of style, character interest, and stimulating ideas. The ideas are found chiefly in the speech of Massingdale, the central figure, a man of amazingly vital volubility of discourse. He wants to be an artist, but fate prompted by paternal pressure has made him a barrister. He finds an outlet for his social predilections by collecting weekly in his chambers an interesting crowd of unconventional people, who talk about everything under the sun from fresh points of view. Making the acquaintance of a nice girl, he is on the point of becoming domestic and *rangé*, when she throws him over because he indiscreetly kisses an actress on a public thoroughfare. The act is innocent enough, in all conscience, and prompted by altruism rather than affection, but he is too proud to explain, and becomes the victim of his betrothed's sensitive and offended maidenhood. This is the turning-point, for he thereupon chucks the respectable life, escorts the actress to Paris (still in all innocence), and becomes a struggling artist in a Montmartre garret. The scene presently shifts to an artist colony in the wine district, and culminates in a riot, with the siege and burning of a chateau, and a narrow escape for its defenders. The girl who has discarded him is a guest at the chateau, and her former lover saves her from outrage at the peril of his life. Matters are thus smoothed for a reconciliation, and the now successful painter gets the reward which is even more to him than his art. The word "joyous" in the title is particularly apt, for joyousness, in the serious sense, is the dominant note of the book. It is a remarkably interesting and unusually readable piece of fiction.

Sylvanus de Bohun, who has great possessions, and is the head of one of the oldest families in England, prefers the cloistered life of a scholar at Cambridge to the conspicuous place in society which he might claim. He has been an impractical dreamer from his childhood, and the interests and ambitions of most men seem to him quite meaningless. So his estates are left in the charge of agents, while he devotes himself to writing the "Social History of the Roman People," and thereby wins a great reputation for scholarship. Once he ventures forth into the larger world, and has some interesting if disastrous experiences. He kisses a woman, and "suddenly innumerable things became clear. He understood now why some people could listen to music and look at pictures. In a flash he realized why the third volume had failed. It was not alive. A machine must have written it. Half a dozen Latin poems came to mind: they meant something entirely different from what he had supposed. Those poets had been men like himself; they, too, must have experienced this extraordinary transference to the high mountains." The experience changes his outlook upon life, and leads to marriage, the assumption of his rights and duties as a country gentleman, and the old, old discovery about the frailty of woman when his wife deserts him one fine morning, accompanied by his rascally brother-in-law, who has been bleeding him for years. After

this, the scholar's life at Cambridge is again taken up, and we leave him on the eve of election as Master of his college. This is the outline of the story told us by Mr. Ralph Straus in "The Prison Without a Wall." It is a richly human and whimsically humorous story of the most delightful interest, reminding us in many ways of the best work of Mr. W. J. Locke, and inviting quite as close an attention to its details. It is a work in which the characters are all real and the happenings are all significant.

Mr. A. E. W. Mason is an expert craftsman, and we open "The Turnstile" with reasonable assurance of entertainment. Our expectations are fully justified until about half way through the book, when the romantic material upon which the earlier chapters are based gives way to a dull and complicated account of a political struggle in England, having for its substance a hotly contested election and a parliamentary struggle. The hero is a successful Antarctic explorer who seeks and wins political advancement. The heroine is a girl of English extraction, who has spent her early life upon an Argentine *estancia*, adopted by its English owners from a foundling's home in Buenos Ayres. Deserted by her worthless father, she had when an infant been deposited in the turnstile of this institution — whence the title of the novel. The reappearance of the disreputable father, threatening to make trouble, decides her adoptive parents to return with her to England, and thus are we brought to the second stage of the narrative. Her marriage to Captain Ranes is a disappointment, for she has idealized him in his character as an explorer, and he turns out to be a politician of the time-serving and opportunist type. Her ideal is in a measure restored, when, at the end, the call of the pole decides him to give up politics, and reengage upon the quest which has all the time been his sub-conscious ambition.

Mr. John Masefield, who is one of the most vital and serious of the younger English writers, has taught us to expect something unusual whenever he gives birth to a book, be it play, poem, or novel. He has a curiously inquiring and reflective mind, engaged usually in contemplation of the most serious problems of life and character, and its output has compelling significance, whatever the theme of its preoccupation. His "Multitude and Solitude" deals with the sleeping-sickness, that scourge of the African wilderness, and it affords him material for a grim and intensely vivid picture of life (and death) in an African village. The hero is a London man of letters, too conscientious in his art to win popular success, whose life is darkened by a shipwreck in the Irish Channel, which is fatal to the woman whom he loves and upon whom all his hopes are built. He becomes possessed of a commanding impulse to cut away from literature and do something which may contribute more directly to human service. His attention is accidentally called to the subject of sleeping-sickness, and he prevails upon a young scientist of his acquaintance to accept him as a

fellow-worker, and to take him to Africa upon his next expedition. The book is half-finished when this point is reached; the remaining half takes us to the scene of his new labors, and has much to do with cultures, and media, and seras, and trypanosomes. Technically, the matter is thoroughly worked up. The two men are robbed and deserted in the jungle by their native keepers, and are left in a stricken village deprived of their most essential specific against disease. They both nearly succumb to the terrible ailment which they are engaged in fighting, but are saved by discovering the secret of the serum which will cure it. The story is told with a force and insight which remind us strongly of the work done by Mr. Conrad in this tropical field.

Mr. Rider Haggard's "Red Eve" represents a reversion to the hopelessly unreal ultra-romantic type of historical fiction cultivated by the imitators of Scott. It is one of the misfortunes of genius that it sets a shining example for the emulation of third-rate followers in its footsteps, and the atrocities that have been committed in the name of Sir Walter are almost enough to make one wish that the great romancer had never lived. Mr. Haggard's romance is of England in the days of the French wars and the Black Death. It takes us from the Southern counties to the field of Crecy, and thence to Venice and Avignon. The hero, whose affianced bride is tricked into a sham marriage by a French knight who is a black-hearted villain, pursues his enemy through Europe to the papal court, and finally wreaks vengeance upon him. Mr. Haggard's predilection for the uncanny is illustrated by the superhuman figure personifying Death, who comes from far Cathay bearing with him the seeds of the pestilence which he scatters over the Western world, and intervening at critical junctures in the fortunes of the lovers. It all attempts to be very impressive, and signally misses its aim.

The story of Martin Luther and the launching of the Reformation has been made into a very acceptable historical novel, entitled "The Friar of Wittenberg," by Mr. William Stearns Davis. The narrative is fully documented, and keeps close to historical fact. For a reader whose knowledge of the subject has been based upon boyhood reading of d'Aubigné, which knowledge has grown somewhat hazy with the lapse of years, it serves to freshen the familiar facts, and give them renewed vitality. They are all here — Tetzel and his indulgences, the nailing up of the theses, the controversy with Eck, the Diet of Worms, and the Wartburg. We are also given a vivid picture of Roman life, its sophisticated society, its pseudo-classical culture, and its Renaissance morals. This is needed to give point to the German revolt, and to enlist the fullest sympathy in behalf of the reform movement. The private interest of the story centres about a nobleman — half-German, half-Italian — whose early nurture has been all Italian, but who is driven forth to make a home upon his ancestral estates in the Harz country. Here he comes under the spell of Luther, is attracted to his cause by the Tetzel affair, and becomes his ardent champion in

the events which follow. A fair German maiden becomes the object of his adoration, and his passion for her persists after she has been persuaded to take the vows of the religious life. The breaking up of the old order sets her free, and she is in the end united to her lover. But the private interest, although well sustained, is throughout subordinated to the interest of the great religious and political issues that are at stake, and Luther fills a larger part in the reader's consciousness than the Graf von Regenstein. Some of the scenes—notably the one at Worms—supported as they are by the historical record of things said and done, are very impressive, as is also the picture of the decay of Christianity in its ancient seat. We have often thought, during our reading, of the historical novels of Mr. Winston Churchill, and the author of "The Crisis," had he taken up the tale of the Reformation, would have produced much the same sort of a book. There is the same skilful weaving of a private plot with affairs of public import, the same effective use of salient historical episodes, the same wide knowledge of the period concerned. There is also the same lack of finish in the detail and the same rather commonplace style. The matter of the work is so big that the manner can do without overmuch of artistic elaboration. The author's attitude toward the controversial matter involved is, of course, strongly Protestant, and therefore biased as compared with that of the strictly dispassionate student of history, who must needs take into account, in judging the Reformation, of its two centuries' legacy of religious warfare, no less than of its immediate provocations and defences.

Another historical novel of marked excellence is "The Shadow of Power," by Mr. Paul Bertram. It has for its theme the attempt to force the Netherlands into subjection to the Spanish yoke under Philip II. Neither the Duke of Alva, leader of the persecution, nor the spider-king, weaving his webs in the seclusion of the Escorial, appears upon the scene, but we are all the time conscious of their sinister presence somewhere in the background. The Prince of Orange is the only important historical character figuring in the narrative, appearing at the time when the hero transfers his allegiance to the Dutch cause. This hero is a noble Spaniard, sent to govern the town of Geertruydenberg; and he makes his entry just in time to rescue a damsel, bound to the stake, and about to be burned on a charge of witchcraft. It is a perilous act, for it brings him into disfavor with court and clergy, and in its ultimate consequence, leads to his deposition. He has in the meanwhile, married the daughter of a wealthy Dutch burgher, but it has been a constrained union on her part, and it does not bring him her love. When the crisis comes in his fortunes, he is unable to rescue her, because she suspects him of seeking to betray her and her father as Protestants. Thus she passes out of his life and of the story when he joins forces with William the Silent. The woman whom he has saved from the flames remains for the author's use in making the needed romantic settle-

ment of the plot. In a very general way, this book resembles "The Friar of Wittenberg," both in the fact that it deals with the period of religious persecutions in Europe, and in the further fact that the hero turns his back upon the cause with which he has been allied by race and circumstance. He becomes a valiant fighter for Dutch freedom, and in the end wins the woman whom he loves. He is a strong figure, and a fine opportunity for psychological study is offered by the gradual alienation of his sympathies from the Spanish side to that of the embattled Dutchmen. He becomes technically a traitor, but he carries with him our respect and admiration. This is not as partisan a story as is usually written upon the theme which the author has chosen. He is as unsparing of Protestant as of Catholic bigotry, and is not blind to the faults of the people whose champion he becomes. His style is very good—almost distinguished—and the mastery of his historical material is thorough. Although there are considerable elements of introspection and analysis in the book, the action is on the whole swift and dramatic, and the plot is of pronounced and exciting interest. It is so much more than the ordinary tale of intrigue and adventure that it makes a strong appeal to the intellectual interests of the reader, while at the same time gratifying his artistic sense.

The theme of the disdainful maiden, who scorns the hero who has rescued her from her plight, and withholds for long years the reward that is romantically his due, meets us once more in Mr. Frederick Palmer's "Over the Pass." The agony is rather overdone, for there is no reason why the heroine should have been so stand-offish when she must have known in her heart that she was destined to make a full surrender. It all happens in Arizona, where Jasper Ewold, disgusted with the ways of civilization, has taken refuge, and becomes the founder of a town of which he is the recognized leader and patriarch. His daughter Mary is the heroine, and her rescuer is Jack Wingfield, once a "lunger," but now in vigorous health, who saves her from the unwelcome attentions of the "bad man" of the town. Jack, nothing discouraged by the maiden's coldness, determines to become a rancher, and sets himself to the cultivation of alfalfa and such truck. But he is called to the East, where his father, the owner of a large department store and many times a millionaire, wants him in his business, now that he is restored to health. He makes a valiant effort to adapt himself to the new life, but Arizona calls to him, and for her sake—which is a euphemistic way of saying for Mary's sake—he renounces position and fortune for the ranch. In an exciting episode he rounds up the "bad man" and his pals, and eliminates them from the situation. After that, it is easy work to placate the father—who has borne a grudge against his family—and bring the girl to her senses. It is a blithe story, told with much animation and whimsical humor.

The subject of fire insurance does not exactly appeal to the romantic imagination, and it is surpris-

ing to find how interesting a novel has been written about it by Messrs. Kennedy and Noble. The hero, a young man with the prosaic name of Smith, is engaged in the business, and is enthusiastically devoted to his occupation. To him the work of underwriting is rich in dramatic human interest, besides leading into the most delightful by-ways of scholarship. The Conservative Company of which he is an officer is attacked by unscrupulous rivals and undermined by treachery upon the part of its own vice-president. Its affairs are in a desperate condition, when Smith is given charge, and energetically sets things to rights. The final blow is dealt the enemy by fate, when a disastrous conflagration sweeps through the business heart of Boston, creating liabilities which force the rival organization to retire from the field. Smith finds an ally and sympathizer in an attractive young woman who wants to learn about the business, and applies to him for information. Under his tutelage she acquires (and incidentally the reader) a surprising amount of technical knowledge about agencies, and separation rules, and other matters, which are plainly set forth from a knowledge of the subject which is both intimate and intelligent. "White Ashes" is the appropriate title of this exceptionally clever and well-written piece of fiction.

The author of "The Inner Shrine" and "The Wild Olive" has given us, in "The Street Called Straight," a third novel of ingeniously contrived plot, incisive characterization, and sustained interest. The interest is essentially psychological, and the situation may be thus outlined: A Boston girl of high social standing and patrician instincts has become engaged to an English army officer who has a record for heroic achievement and the most brilliant prospects of advancement. The wedding is imminent, awaiting only his arrival in Boston, when it transpires that the girl's father has been an embezzler of trust funds to the amount of half a million, and that his exposure and disgrace can no longer be averted. Then comes the intervention of a Bostonian whose suit the girl once rejected, and who has since "cleaned up" half a million by speculating in copper mines. He learns of her predicament, and, asking no reward, quixotically comes to the rescue with his half million. At first, the offer is declined by both father and daughter, but reflection causes them to accept it after some days of irresolution. Then the Englishman arrives, is apprised of the exact situation, refuses the girl's offer to release him and offers to assume the burden by the sacrifice of his own property. This the girl refuses, preferring to become beholden to the American, in the disinterestedness of whose motive she has come to have faith. A protracted deadlock follows, he refusing to accept happiness at the cost of a stranger, she refusing to accept him at the cost of his own financial ruin and clouded prospects. Then the American has a brilliant idea. The girl has a wealthy aunt, an expatriate and the widow of a French Marquis, and to her the American appeals,

stating all the facts, and urging her to assume the obligation. She hastens to America, makes the offer, and the path to the girl's marriage seems to be cleared. Neither she nor the Englishman can urge any valid objection to aid that comes from her own family. Here is where the psychological situation becomes intense, for when this point is reached, the extraordinary generosity and self-effacement of the American have made such an impression on both of them, that she has come to regard him in a more than friendly way, and he finds himself incapable of thwarting the happiness of the man who has shown himself capable of such devotion. He would feel himself under a heavier burden of obligation than before, when it is a merely a question of accepting money, and his conscience finds it intolerable. His renunciation follows, after a struggle, and the way is cleared for the girl's union with the man who had not dared to dream of such an outcome. The workings of these three people's minds, in the successive stages of this complication, is analyzed with masterly insight, and therein lies the strength of the work. That the Englishman may not go entirely unrewarded, he is given a sort of consolation prize in the rather colorless woman who is one of the minor figures in the narrative. This is anything but convincing, and noticeably weakens the story at its close.

Mr. Randall Parrish always tells a good story, although he has no gifts of style or characterization to speak of. His "Molly McDonald" is a tale of 1868 in the West, when the Indian uprisings engaged the attention of the United States forces under Sheridan and Custer. The hero is of the type dear to the romantic heart of youth, who accomplishes great deeds of daring, and rescues the heroine from all sorts of perils. He is an enlisted soldier, and had previously been an officer in the Confederate army. He is under a cloud, owing to the treachery of a former friend, and he gets revenge upon his enemy at the same time that the evidence turns up that is needed to clear his name. He gets the girl, as a matter of course.

WILLIAM MORTON PAYNE.

BRIEFS ON NEW BOOKS.

As Mr. Benson recently remarked, in his essay on realism in fiction, the things said and done by the actors in a soul-stirring drama of real life are commonly very different from the things one might have imagined them as saying and doing. The sensational newspaper reports of the wreck of the Titanic bear but the faintest resemblance to the sober and careful narrative of the event from the pen of Mr. Lawrence Beesley, one of the survivors and a person well qualified to treat the theme with accuracy and in minute detail. "The Loss of the SS. Titanic" not only describes the ill-fated vessel and traces its short history to the untimely end, with first-hand and other authentic information on every point of importance,

but it dwells understandingly and at length on the lessons taught by the catastrophe, and makes an intelligent attempt to point out the preventive measures that should be adopted in the future by the steamship companies. Mr. Beesley is a young Englishman, a Cambridge scholar, and has been a teacher of physics, as his narrative shows; so that his powers of observation and habit of scientific inference are precisely those required in one attempting a faithful account of this memorable shipwreck. The great size and many decks of the Titanic, the exceeding slightness of the shock of collision with the iceberg, the prevalent belief in the unsinkability of the monster vessel, and the comparative slowness of its actual sinking, these were important factors in preventing panic or confusion among the passengers. Tales of pistol-firing, of suicide on the part of officers, of melodramatic exhortations from captain to crew to "be British," and other newspaper fabrications, are pronounced false by the calmly observant author. His own rescue resulted from a very matter-of-course and all but inevitable chain of events, and with a rather remarkable unawareness on his part that any loss of life whatever was threatened. In this one particular—in failing to appreciate the inadequacy of the ship's life-saving equipment—he falls below one's conception of his observing powers. But of course no expectation of disaster had been entertained by him. Of his narrative in general it is safe to say that no single survivor could have furnished a better or more trustworthy history of the stupendous event; but it would be strange if some few occurrences that went to make up the whole catastrophe had not been inadvertently slighted or distorted, minimized or exaggerated by him. What one observant and careful narrator could do, however, he has admirably done. The book is published, with illustrations, by Houghton Mifflin Co.

*Expert advice
about library
architecture.*

"How to Plan a Library Building for Library Work" comes from the pen of one who to the infectious enthusiasm of an amateur joins the knowledge and experience of the professional library worker. Mr. Charles C. Soule has been an active member of the American Library Association almost from its foundation, was its vice-president in 1890, a member of its Publishing Board for eight years, of its Council for two terms of three and five years, a trustee of its Endowment Fund for twelve years, and has been a member of the Institute since its formation. Eleven years of service as trustee of the Brookline Public Library are also to be placed to his credit. He has made a careful study of library architecture, especially from the inside, from the viewpoint of the working librarian, and he naturally and rightly insists on the primary importance of utility. His book, which shrinks not from handling the prosaic details of plumbing, drains, sewers, fire-buckets, vacuum cleaners, and so on, is divided into five main divisions, with many sub-sections. The Introduction touches on the history and literature and main out-

lines of the general theme; then comes a fuller treatment of "Principles"; after that a section devoted to "Personel"; next a consideration of "Features"; and finally a four-part discussion of "Departments and Rooms." An appendix containing "Concrete Examples" and other useful matter follows, and an index completes the volume. The author takes extraordinary pains to fortify every position with corroborative opinions from other writers. After stating in conclusive terms the obvious desirability of consulting an expert librarian before planning one's library building, he hardly needed to quote, with chapter and verse, an imposing array of authorities; but perhaps the point cannot be too strongly emphasized. His disapproval of the competition method of securing architectural plans seems a bit excessive. Open competition in compliance with expert specifications, prepared beforehand in detail, sometimes produces results of value in the way of originality and novelty that cannot be bargained for from a hired architect of even the highest standing. The author and his publishers, the Boston Book Company, invite a free expression of opinion as to the desirability of issuing a supplementary volume of plates. If enough requests for such a volume are received, it will be published. Also any other criticisms or suggestions, of a constructive nature, are solicited from the public. So well-considered and well-executed a treatise as Mr. Soule's can hardly be much improved upon except by the addition of illustrative plates.

*Further
memories
of a noted
journalist.*

Those who are interested (and who is not?) in the personal peculiarities and the informal conversation of the famous, will greatly enjoy Mr. George W. Smalley's second series of "Anglo-American Memories" (Putnam). Reprinted chiefly from the New York "Tribune," these genially reminiscent chapters treat of persons who either now are or lately have been much in public notice; as, for example, Mr. Winston Churchill, Mr. Balfour, Mr. Chamberlain, Lord Rosebery, Sir Edward Grey, Count Witte, Goldwin Smith, Whistler, Henry Irving, Mme. Bernhardt, and Mlle. Desclée, on the other side of the Atlantic; and on this, Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan, Mr. Carnegie, Colonel Roosevelt, Thomas B. Reed, and Mr. White-law Reid. A significant utterance from our strenuous Colonel will attract attention. "You think I am impulsive," said he, "and perhaps I am. But I will tell you one thing. Never yet have I entered upon any great policy till I was satisfied I had behind me a great body of public opinion." There speaks the astute opportunist. Recalling the earlier years of his acquaintance with Mr. Roosevelt, the author says: "The two or three days I spent with Governor Roosevelt at Albany left me with the impression that his masterful good intentions would lead him far. We all now know that they did, though whether we have even yet measured the whole distance may be a question. For the considered judg-

ment of the community embodied in statutes he seemed to have less respect than for his own individual opinion. He had, I thought, less reverence for law than most Americans have; or once had." And in the eyes of Europe we have always been an awful example of disrespect for law. Concerning the Russo-Japanese treaty for which such high credit has been accorded to the then President of the United States, Mr. Smalley, who was at Portsmouth all the time the diplomatic negotiations were in progress, has much to say that is well worth reading. "I sum it all up in this way," says he in conclusion. "It was Count Witte who, with that 'fortunate astuteness' which is Machiavelli's ideal in *The Prince*, brought the American people back to their ancient friendship for Russia, and with them the President. It was Count Witte who formed that body of American opinion without which Mr. Roosevelt, as I have elsewhere related, never, he said, entered upon a great policy. . . . It was therefore first of all Count Witte, and perhaps secondly the Russian Emperor, who were the real authors of the Peace of Portsmouth. President Roosevelt's intervention was useful and was made with great courage and judgment at the right moment. But of itself it would not have availed." The wide range of Mr. Smalley's acquaintance among the great, his good taste and excellent discretion in reporting their talk and their actions, and the pleasing quality of his style, make these "Anglo-American Memories" most agreeable reading.

*The social
genesis of
the Bible.*

In a significant and closely-reasoned work entitled "The Sociological Study of the Bible" (University of Chicago Press), Mr. Louis Wallis has traced the rise of the Christian religion from its embryonic beginnings among the Hebrews, and traced it, for the first time, under its sociological aspects. The rise of the unique religion of Israel and its flowering in Christianity has been interpreted as a development from the worship of a purely tribal god, Yahweh, to that of a universal god who set the interests of universal justice over all merely tribal or national interests. When asked, however, why the worship of Yahweh should thus develop, rather than the worship of his neighboring and once just as powerful god Chemosh, the higher critics have had to fall back on some such explanation as "the genius of the Hebrew prophets." But even personal genius cannot spring up out of relation to the social and other environmental forces around it. It is, then, in terms of those forces that Mr. Wallis seeks to show how the religion of the Bible grew. He finds the explanation in the collision and gradual amalgamation of the wandering Canaanitish clans, with their mountain god Yahweh and their nomadic code of ethics which recognized the brotherhood of all men in the clan, and the settled Amorites who occupied Canaan, lived in independent cities, and had a code of ethics which recognized class distinctions and regarded the serf classes as having few or

no rights. As soon as the Hebrews settled down in this land they took over these sophisticated and aristocratic ideas. The new status of affairs naturally bore down heavily upon the poorer Israelites, and so their hill prophets came to associate their tribal god Yahweh with their old nomadic ideas of brotherly justice, and to oppose that conception to the "Baal worship" of the cities with its attendant love of luxury and ceremony. Hence arose the fusion of the idea of justice with that of the Israelitish god. Then came conquest and the Exile, a national experience which showed the greatest of the prophets that their god's idea of justice was not confined to the well-being of Israel but meant a universal justice which Israel as well as the other nations of the earth had to acknowledge. Redemption then became the watchword of the Jewish religion, and the redemptive idea gradually took on the characteristics which Jesus and Paul found ready to their hands and of which they made so revolutionary a use. Mr. Wallis does not confine himself to the rise of Bible religion only, but traces the social factor in the later growth of Christianity, through the Reformation, and on to the contemporary situation. Although his book is for the layman, he writes in a thoroughly scientific manner, and the lesson he draws from this great development is that the church of to-day should recognize the bearings of the social problem on religion, and while avoiding all fixed programmes of reform, see to it that the church, made in part as it is by social pressure, should react on the social situation and impress it with the idealism whose sanctuary the church is meant to be.

*Humors of
the law.*

"A Chance Medley of Legal Points and Legal Stories" (Little, Brown, & Co.), composed of extracts from "Silk and Stuff" in the "Pall Mall Gazette" (1893-1909), appears with no indication as to whose diligence in searching the annals of English jurisprudence has placed us under obligations for so entertaining a collection of not too familiar anecdotes. To be sure, we find Disraeli's well-known saying — if Disraeli ever said it, which the compiler gravely doubts, and he gives the reason for his doubts: "Everybody knows the stages of a lawyer's career: he tries in turn to get on, to get honors, to get honest." But we also find many other equally good and more authentic witticisms as, for example: "An attorney died so poor — perhaps it was he of whom it was said that he had so few effects because he had so few causes — that his friends had to make a shilling subscription to bury him. One of them asked Curran for that contribution. 'Here's a sovereign,' was the answer: 'bury twenty!'" That was an apt reply, too, which Lord Chief Justice Russell made, in his pre-judicial days when he was only a stuff-gownsmen and a brother barrister asked him in court what was the extreme penalty for bigamy. "Two mothers-in-law," came the ready answer. The same

kind of wit, but unintentionally displayed, marked the reply of a prisoner who was pleading in his own defense but failed to make himself distinctly heard by the judge. "What was your last sentence?" asked his honor. "Six months," respectfully returned the prisoner at the bar. Let it not be inferred, however, that the book is wholly devoted to such tit-bits of humor; many incidents and cases are cited for the sake of their bearing on present-day events, and apparently to encourage the reader to do a little serious thinking for himself. Incidentally the book cites some cases that might serve as good illustrations to Mr. Samuel B. Chester's recent "Anomalies of the English Law." Possibly the anonymous compiler is Mr. Chester himself. At all events, "A Chance Medley" is a curiously learned and well-edited piece of work.

*Memories of
Gen. Wheeler's
Confederate
cavalry.*

Southern writers on Civil War subjects have devoted their attention largely to the Army of Northern Virginia, somewhat to the neglect of the other armies of the Confederacy, although the task before the armies of the West was in some respects even greater than that set for the army of Lee. General Basil Duke's *Reminiscences*, published last year, was devoted to an account of soldier life in the Western army. Mr. DuBose's book on "General Joseph Wheeler and the Army of Tennessee" (Neale) deals largely with matters of tactics and strategy. The author, with his four brothers, served in Wheeler's cavalry. Consequently the volume is, to a certain extent reminiscencial; but the author has also made considerable use of historical sources, and the result is a work of considerable value. Of particular interest is the author's estimate of the value of the cavalry arm to the Confederate cause. It is his theory that although the Confederate cavalry was on the whole superior to the Federal cavalry, its extraordinary value was not understood by the Confederate authorities during the early years of the conflict, and therefore the peculiar military capacity of the Southern people was not fully developed. Numerous private letters throw interesting side-lights on many phases of the conflict. The primary purpose of the book, however, is to give an account of the military career of General Joseph Wheeler as commander of the cavalry in the Army of Tennessee. Particularly clear is the author's account of the misfortunes which resulted from the change of Confederate commanders at Atlanta. Mr. DuBose evidently approves the policy of General Johnston, not that of General Hood and the Confederate president.

*Notable men of
East Tennessee.*

Judge Oliver Perry Temple, of Knoxville, Tennessee, who died in 1907, had long been devoted to the study of the history of East Tennessee. During his lifetime he published two historical works,—"The Covenant, the Cavalier, and the Puritan," and "East Tennessee and the Civil War," of which the latter especially was a work of considerable merit. Now

there appears from the Cosmopolitan Press of New York a posthumous work, compiled and arranged by Judge Temple's daughter, Miss Mary B. Temple, which bears the title "Notable Men of Tennessee from 1833 to 1875, Their Times and Their Contemporaries." Had the words "East Tennessee" been used instead of "Tennessee" the title would have been a more accurate one; for, with one exception, all the leaders in politics (about thirty in number) whose lives are sketched by Judge Temple lived and were active in the Eastern section of the State. It should have been indicated, also, that only Unionist "notables" are included: there is no biography, for example, of Landon C. Haynes. Some of the sketches cover not more than a page or two, but those of William G. Brownlow and Andrew Johnson are of considerable length. As might be expected from the circumstances of its preparation, the book suffers from some discursiveness of style and some repetition of facts. The author was a partisan in times when feeling ran high, and his likes and dislikes remained strong. But the recollections are those of an honest and able observer and a conscientious narrator, and the book, despite the limitations suggested, and the absence of an index, constitutes a valuable contribution to the history of East Tennessee.

NOTES.

The very effective set of drawings of the Panama Canal made by Mr. Joseph Pennell for "The Century," some of which appear in the August issue of that magazine, has been purchased by the government for the print collection of the Library of Congress. The historical value of Mr. Pennell's pictures is increased by the fact that with the letting in of the water the picturesqueness of this part of the Canal work will be largely obliterated.

After eleven years of deliberation the San Francisco Board of Supervisors has voted to accept the three-quarters of a million dollars offered by Mr. Carnegie as a contribution toward a new library building. No city could stand in much greater need of such a building, and, consequently, of the funds wherewith to erect it, than San Francisco. Thus one can surmise the weightiness of the scruples so long delaying a glad acceptance of the money.

A new series of selections from the letters and diaries of Queen Victoria, with an introduction by Lord Esher, has been sanctioned by King George. The publication will take the form of two illustrated volumes, entitled "The Girlhood of Queen Victoria," and will give interesting glimpses of the royal author from her thirteenth year to the time of her marriage in 1840. Mr. John Murray, the publisher of the first series, will publish also the second.

The recent unveiling of the allegorical figures, "Science" and "Art," now at last in place on their long-expectant pedestals in front of the Boston Public Library, marks the completion of that fine building as projected a quarter of a century ago by the architects. The late Augustus Saint-Gaudens had originally been commissioned to furnish the statues, but his untimely

death made necessary the engagement of another sculptor. To Mr. Bela Pratt the task was finally assigned, and the fine bronze figures that have now come from his hand give the noble building's front that finishing touch it has so long wanted.

Endowment of the Mark Twain Memorial Library, at Redding, Connecticut, with a sufficient fund to provide for its support is now, thanks to Mr. Carnegie, an accomplished fact. The history of this interesting library is briefly as follows. When Mr. Clemens took up his abode at Redding he gave the town a collection of several thousand volumes from his own library, and placed them in a small vacant chapel for public use. These temporary quarters soon gave place to a more suitable building, erected by him as a memorial to his daughter Jean; and after his death the greater part of his own remaining library was added to the collection. Hitherto it has been from voluntary contributors that this memorial library has received its support.

The untimely death of an eminent French scientist and author is reported from Paris in the passing away of Jules Henri Poincaré, a cousin of the French premier, on the seventeenth of July, from the bursting of an artery. A serious surgical operation had been undergone by him two weeks earlier, with every prospect of recovery. Poincaré was born at Nancy in 1854, and had devoted his life largely to mathematical studies, holding chairs in the University of Paris and the Polytechnic School. One of his earliest and most popular books was "La Science et l'Hypothèse," which soon reached a circulation of twenty thousand copies in his own country and was republished abroad. Among the stories illustrating the bent of his genius, there is an especially pleasing one which describes his infant ecstasies on first viewing the starry heavens. Astronomy became later one of his favorite studies.

A long-desired biography, that of the late Walter Bagehot, who has been dead thirty-five years but is still remembered as one of the best talkers of his day and one of the best writers of any day, is to be undertaken at last. R. H. Hutton, friend of Bagehot and editor of "The Spectator," would have been the one best equipped for the task; but as he left the work undone, Mrs. Russell Barrington, known for her studies of Watts and Leighton, comes forward to supply the omission. The author of "Lombard Street" and a treatise on the English Constitution is now best remembered for his shorter pieces, such as his biographical studies of leading Victorian statesmen. His brilliance and stimulus as a talker may be surmised from the aptness and originality of phrase that mark his written style. "The cake of custom" is perhaps his most familiar contribution to our phraseology; "animated restraint," as the characteristic of good writing, will also be cherished in remembrance, and likewise his expression of regret that those who write have seldom done anything worth writing about, while those who do things worth recording are commonly disinclined to spread them on paper.

TOPICS IN LEADING PERIODICALS.

August, 1912.

Alfieri and America. Virginia Watson. *North American*.
American Authors and British Publishers. . . *Bookman*.
American Bureaucracy. Jona. Bourne, Jr. *Rev. of Reviews*.
Asphalts, Trinidad, and Bermudez. Clifford Richardson *Popular Science*.

Babies' Lives. Constance D. Leupp *McClure*.
Beauty and the Jacobin—I. George E. Woodberry. *Harper*.
Bees which only visit one Species of Flowers. *Pop. Science*.
Big Ditch, The *Everybody's*.
Bird Center, Some Aspects of. Louis Baury . . . *Bookman*.
Borrower and Money Trust. Albert W. Atwood. *Rev. of Revs.*
Brains versus Bayonets. Percy S. Grant. *North American*.
Business, Blundering Into *World's Work*.
Canal, Builder of the. Farnam Bishop . . . *World's Work*.
Central America, Our Danger in. William Bayard Hale *World's Work*.
Churches, Filling the *Atlantic Monthly*.
Cities, March of the *World's Work*.
Cleveland and Civil Service Reformers . . . *Century*.
Cold Storage Problems. P. G. Heinemann. *Pop. Sci. Monthly*.
Confederacy, Sunset of the—VI. Morris Schaff. *Atlantic*.
Conservation Problem. Stewart Paton. *Pop. Sci. Monthly*.
Cornwall, Chronicles of. Philip G. Hubert, Jr. *Bookman*.
Corruption, a Case of. Harvey J. O'Higgins . . *McClure*.
Country School of To-morrow. F. T. Gates. *World's Work*.
Drug Habit, Peril of. C. B. Towns *Century*.
Enough to Live On. Elizabeth Gannon . . . *Everybody's*.
Fans. Hugh S. Fullerton *American*.
Farmer of To-morrow, The. F. I. Anderson. *Everybody's*.
French Culture, The Rescue of. Allan Ball. *No. American*.
Friends Again. George L. Parker *Atlantic*.
Gutter-Garden, In the. Dorothea Slade . . . *Atlantic*.
"Hit," The Long-forgotten. George Jay Smith. *No. American*.
Immortality, Intimations of. H. B. Marriott Watson. *No. Am.*
Individualist, Autobiography of an. James O. Fagin. *Atlantic*.
Investments. Edward Sherwood Meade . . . *Lippincott*.
Italian Pictures in the Yale Art School . . . *Scribner*.
Land, Forward to the *World's Work*.
Lion in Africa, Doom of the. Cyrus C. Adams. *Rev. of Revs.*
Marshall, Thomas R. Thomas R. Shipp . . *Rev. of Revs.*
"Master Builder," Message of. A. La Victoire. *No. American*.
Medicine, Research in. Richard M. Pearce. *Pop. Science*.
Meredith, George, Letters of *Scribner*.
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Wilson, Woodrow, Political Predestination of. *No. Amer.*
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Woman and Her Raiment. A. Ida M. Tarbell. *American*.
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Women, Economic Independence of. Earl Barnes. *Atlantic*.

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[The following list, containing 52 titles, includes books received by THE DIAL since its last issue.]

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August Strindberg Plays: The Father; Countess Julie; The Outlaw; The Stronger. Translated by Edith and Warner Oland. With frontispiece, 12mo, 183 pages. Boston: John W. Luce & Co.

Mary Broome: A Comedy. By Allan Monkhouse. 12mo, 84 pages. London: Sidgwick & Jackson, Ltd. Paper.

Poetic Justice in the Drama: The History of an Ethical Principle in Literary Criticism. By M. A. Quinlan, Ph.D. 12mo, 226 pages. Notre Dame: University Press.

A Syllabus of English Literature. By Edwin A. Greenlaw, Ph.D. Large 8vo, 319 pages. Benjamin H. Sanborn & Co. \$1.35 net.

The Shifting of Literary Values. By Albert Mordell. 8vo, 84 pages. Philadelphia: The International. Paper.

FICTION.

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